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Puck

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TRYING HARD TO PUT DEMOCRACY IN A HOLE.

PUCK,

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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHILE WE do not in the slightest degree approve of the effort which Mr. D. B. Hill is at present making to substitute his peculiar brand of Democracy for the Democracy of the rest of his party, we can not help thinking that it may be productive of good in more than one direction. It certainly affords a beautiful and inspiring opportunity for the "better element" of the population to learn a little something of "practical politics;" and for the practical politicians to learn a little something of the "better elements" of republican government. And if either class fondly fancies that the other needs a lesson and itself needs none — why, it is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

* * *

The Better Element — if we may be allowed to designate a typical individual by the name of his class — is quite as pig-headed in his own way as the Practical Politician in his. He labors under a delusion that politics are to be purified by reading a newspaper that scolds, in season and out of season, about "machine politics," "bossism," "healers," and "henchmen," and by getting very mad about it and saying what a shame it is, and demanding why this government can't be run by respectable men. Occasionally, too, the Better Element votes. Sometimes he gets too mad to stand it any longer, and then he calls the rest of the Better Elements together, and they have a mass-meeting, with speeches by some nice gentlemen in swallow-tail coats, who can all of them tie their own white lawn cravats; and a reverend gentleman, who does n't know what election district he lives in, gets up and damns Tammany up hill and down dale, and then the Better Elements applaud furiously, and appoint committees until you can't rest, and go home perfectly satisfied that they have done their full duty as citizens and that politics are going right smack to purification.

* * *

Then the Better Element comes to you and asks you if you heard him. You say you did, and ask him what he was doing it for. Then he asks you what else he can do. Then you tell him that the evils he complains about exist, if they exist at all, because he was n't at his primary. The Better Element kindly and condescendingly admits the truth of this. "I know," he says, with a wave of his hand, "I ought to go to the primaries" — the Better Element always says "primaries," as if he could go to half-a-dozen of them at once. You tell him that he ought to have gone. He looks at you in a pained and surprised way, as though he thought it bad taste on your part to insist upon such a useless and annoying topic. "But I did n't go," he says, "and there 's an end of it." And you can not make him understand that there is *not* an end of it; that it is only a beginning from which other things must of necessity proceed; and that he can't build his chimney from the top down.

* * *

But, this time, the Better Element has a chance to start fair with primaries of his own calling, and he ought to learn, if there be any teaching him, a good deal about practical politics. He may learn, for instance, that the work of government begins even before the primary, in the getting together of men with a common purpose, who organize to control, direct and inform all consequent organization. He may learn to go into his primary with a compact minority, that will not only elect the officers of the meeting, but will control the proceedings of the meeting, and this for the meeting's own good; for else the meeting would be only a mob. He may learn, if the Worser Element undertakes to steal his primary, how to keep him out, rule him out, or chuck him out. It will surprise him very much, no doubt, but still it may be possible for him to learn that a compact minority not only can do all these things, but, of necessity and propriety, must and should do them.

* * *

This is what is called machine, or practical, politics. It is the only possible means of keeping a republican form of government from lapsing into anarchy or falling under the control of despotism. If the machine thus created is used for the good and benefit of the whole people, it is a good machine. If it is used to further the selfish and unpatriotic ends of

one man or one set of men, it is a bad machine, and it is the duty of good citizens to destroy it. But if they want to undo its work, and to do good work themselves, they must set up another machine in its stead, and see that that machine is run for the benefit of the whole people. All this, the Better Element has an excellent chance to learn right now, if he goes earnestly about the work of redeeming his State from the bogus Democracy of Mr. D. B. Hill. If he learns this, and how the hard, wearisome, perplexing work of practical politics must be continued and spread out from this beginning to the remotest of national affairs; if he learns that every man's vote counts; that every other man has a right to his opinions, and even to his prejudices; that the will of the majority may be directed, but must not be denied, and that all this takes time and trouble and temper — why, he will have learned a great lesson in American citizenship, and he will be a more useful man than he ever was before.

* * *

And, if he succeeds in his work, he will have taught to the Practical Politician a valuable lesson in reminding him of the two great aphorisms which no public man can afford to forget for a moment:

I.—You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

II.—Don't monkey with the buzz-saw.

A PSALM TO DAVID.

YOUNG DAVID of the Bible was immaculately good,
And his love for Brother Jonathan is widely understood;
But the centuries bring changes, and in 1892
Our Yankee Brother Jonathan has learned a thing or two.
He is not so fond of David as our David is of him,
For he thinks that his resemblance to his prototype is dim;
So, though David's risen early, I must none the less affirm
That I've known sometimes of early birds that did not get the worm.

Young David killed a giant with a pebble from his sling.
The odds are rather heavy, though, against that sort of thing;
For the centuries bring changes, — and the giant now is good,
While our David's virtues slumber in innocuous desuetude.
So hark ye, Master David of the nineteenth century make,
While I read a little prophecy for your especial sake:
If you sling your silver pebble at the giant Cleveland's head,
It will turn into a boomerang, and strike you down instead.

Pollux.



A MISTAKE.

CIGARETTE VICTIM (who objects to pipe-smoking, to MAN IN THE REAR SEAT).—Aw—beastly horrible, is n't it?

MAN IN THE REAR SEAT.—Yes; it is! Why don't you throw it away and smoke cigars?

PRESENCE OF MIND;
OR, THE PROFESSOR OF MAGIC AND THE SAVAGE CANINE.



I.

II.

III.

THE ENGLISH OF IT.

MR. RHOADES.—When I was traveling down South among the crackers—

MISS ATHENIA HUBBS (*of Boston*).—You mean among the biscuits, do you not, Mr. Rhoades?

HIS WISH MAY BE REALIZED.

YOUNG MR. BILLINGTON.—Amy, my love; I wish we lived in the good old days, when a knight could fight for his lady love.

MISS COOINGTON.—Why, George, dear; as for that, you have n't asked Papa's consent to our engagement yet, you know.

SUNDAY NOON.

BROTHER FESTUS.—I 's mighty impressed wid dat tex' dis mornin', "Do unto oders as you would have oders do unto you."

DEACON KOON.—Yas; dat fine tex', good ser-
mon.

BROTHER FESTUS.—Well, I 's gwine to bring back dat ham bone w'at I fetched outen yer kitchen las' night; and I want you to gimme dat turkey w'at you hooked offen de nail over my do'.

TWO ROSES.

They 'll be glad when their school-days are over,
And they smile when the chandelier floods

With its soft golden glow the reception—
Two beautiful "buds."

But when they are buds sweetly dimpled,
And the rapt butterfly round them glides,
They will sigh to be smiling in triumph—
Two beautiful "brides."

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE CAUSE OF HIS SICKNESS.

MRS. POTTER.—Well, I wonder what kept you out all night this time!

JACK POTTER.—I sat up with a sick friend.

MRS. POTTER.—What was his complaint?

MR. POTTER.—He complained that the rest of us cheated him.

TOO HIGH.

MRS. SNAPPSON.—Why did n't you buy some of that Chippendale at the Van Million sale? I hear it went for a song.

SNAPPSON.—So it did; but you know, my dear, I can't sing.

MAN NEVER knows what mutual sorrow really is, until he reads an editor's regrets.



IV.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

It was just as we were starting;
And I hope you understand,
It was but to break the parting
That I let him take my hand.

Then, he asked me something. Surely,
I had meant to answer "No;"
But he held my hand securely,
And—he would n't let it go!

Harry Romaine.

NO JUNKETING.

"Was Mr. Greatmann buried with Congressional honors?"
"No; all his folks are temperance people."

A BEFORE-DINNER OBSERVATION.
Just as "Too many cooks spoil the broth," so do too many "appetizers" spoil the appetite.

MEN SADLY ask for "half a chance"
When striving to some goal.
They 're welcome to it. As for me,
I want my chances whole.



AT THE OPERA.

MRS. VOGNER.—Why, that's a curious arrangement!
There are two rows of seats with their backs to the stage!
MR. VOGNER.—Oh, they are reserved for theatre parties!

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

THE SENATOR.

M R. T. GILMARTIN HONE stood at the entrance to the Senate Press Gallery, in the Capitol at Washington. He held a telegram in one hand; and he scowled at vacancy with an expression of perplexity and annoyance. The telegram read thus:

St. Jo, Feb. 4, 1892.

*To T. Gilmartin Hone,
Washington, D. C.
Send four columns R. R. Subsidy Case
for Sunday. Old board of directors indicted
to-day. Get best legal opinion. Rush!
Rubicon.*

Mr. Hone read it again, and the scowl on his brow deepened.

"What's the matter, Gil?" asked a friend, coming out of the comfortable writing-room, with his overcoat on, and an exasperating day's-work-done expression in his very walk.

Mr. Hone simply held up the telegram.

"Well, that's all right, is n't it?" said the friend.

Mr. Hone, still deep in perplexed thought, pointed silently to the words "best legal opinion."

"Well," said the friend, "what's the matter with that? There's only one person to go to. You'll have to buzz old man Greep. He knows more about it than any man in Washington. Been carrying it round under his hat for ten years. They call him the Father of the Case, in the Supreme Court. Go and interview him."

"Yes," said Mr. Hone, meditatively, "that's all very well. But I ain't interviewing Senator Greep very much nowadays."

"Why not?" inquired his friend, in wonderment. Then a thought seemed to strike him. "Oh, yes," he said; "it was you who wrote up his four-o'clock drunks, last year, was n't it? What the devil did you do that for, anyhow? That was a queer sort of break for you to make."

"Oh, it was the paper!" exclaimed Mr. Hone. "Our people would sell their eyeteeth for a sensation, you know. I was n't anxious for the job, but they would have it."

"H'm! And how many stories did you write about the old man?"

"Eight," said Mr. Hone, dismally.

"Well, this is a queer biz of ours," said his friend. "But I would n't let that stand in my way. When a man gets to be of Greep's age and Greep's pull, it's powerful little he cares what the newspapers say about him. Ten to one he's forgotten where he saw them, if he saw them at all. Anyhow, you can't help yourself. Old Greep

knows the whole Subsidy Case business, and nobody else. If you hurry up, you'll catch him leaving his committee-room — they've just adjourned."

They walked slowly forward, Mr. Hone preserving a gloomy silence. As they got out of the elevator, they saw the tall figure of the Senator stalking ahead of them, the tails of his black broadcloth frock coat flapping as he went. He stared straight ahead of him as he walked, caressing his long white beard.

"Now is your time, Gil," said his friend; "catch him! I rather think you'll find him in a good humor. He's been working off enough pure cussedness for ten men in the Senate all day. I guess he's feeling good."

And, truly, something that looked like a smile softened the hard straight line of Senator Greep's mouth. He was thinking, perhaps, of the

artistic manner in which he had broken up a new Senator from a Reform State in his maiden speech.

"Well, so long!" said his friend, walking on; and Mr. Hone reluctantly approached the great Senator. Mr. Hone was probably the only man in Washington who was heartily glad that the corridors of the Capitol are dark to the point of discomfort.

"Good afternoon, Senator," he began, feeling an unwonted heat rising in his cheeks. "I suppose you've heard that the St. Jo and Painted Falls Board of Directors were indicted to-day. Could you spare me the time to give me a little talk about that point that Judge Bagley brought up? Our people are taking special interest in the case, you know, and I'd be very much obliged if you'd give me as much as you can."

The Senator had laid his lean muscular hand on Mr. Hone's shoulder.

"Ah, yes;" he said, in his abstracted way; "the St. Jo and Painted Falls? Yes, yes. Very interesting case — very interesting, indeed. Yes,

I shall be very glad to have a talk with you about that case. Come right into my room, young man; come right into my room. You are quite right. It's a case that ought to be properly presented to the public."

And with dignified old-time courtesy, but with his blue-gray eyes staring absent-mindedly before him, the Senator ushered the newspaper man into the deserted committee-room.

"Sit down," he said, cordially; "sit down, sir. I am very glad to have the opportunity of clearing the public mind in regard to that point that Judge Bagley raised. Very able man, Judge Bagley — very able, indeed; but decidedly young — yes, decidedly young. Now, as to this case, the main point at issue is whether the Act of 1868 supplemented or superseded the Act of 1849. Now it has been held —"

And for ten minutes, during which time the warm feeling gradually subsided in Hone's cheeks, the old Senator talked on, pouring out of the boundless reservoir of his legal knowledge a steady stream of minute technicalities. Then, suddenly, with a sharp conversational bump, like a train when the air-brakes are shut off short, he interrupted himself to say:

"By the way, sir, by the way — of course, I recognize your face as one of the gentlemen of the Press. But to what paper are you attached?"

"To the St. Jo Rubicon," said Hone, softly, feeling trouble in his cheek-bones again.

"Ah, yes," said Senator Greep, pleasantly; "the St. Jo Rubicon. A very able paper! A very able paper, indeed! You ought to be making a very great success of that paper; and I have no doubt you are. Very happy, indeed, to tell the St. Jo Rubicon anything I know about this case. And, as I was saying, if we regard the law of 1849 as mandatory in its provisions, why —," and he plunged once more into the great Subsidy Case, while Mr. Hone nursed his startled nerves. He found it rather a difficult job. It was several minutes before he got the hang of the case again. Then, suddenly, just as he was getting his mind clear as to the Act of 1849, the air-brakes went down again with a jounce worse than before.

"Yes," said the Senator, "you may say to your paper — and a very fine paper it is, Mr. —; by the way, I believe you did n't mention your name?"

"Mr. Hone," said the newspaper man, in a voice suitable for the chamber of death.



"I beg your pardon," said the Senator, "I did n't quite catch the name."

Mr. Hone repeated it, a shade less feebly. He was glad it was a short name.

"Hone? Ah, yes, Mr. Hone. Well, Mr. Hone, I hope, whenever I can be of any service to the *St. Jo Rubicon* you will have no hesitation in calling on me. An admirable paper, sir. A great medium for spreading popular knowledge. I am a very busy man, Mr. Hone, and I read few papers, but I always read the *St. Jo Rubicon*. Now, as to that case—"



The train was oft again; but poor Mr. Gilmartin Hone was too dazed to know whether he was in it or not. He was conscious of only one thing—that the Senator had him, and had him cornered. He was hot all over now, but more particularly about the temples.

He came to himself when the train stopped again. The Senator had laid a firm hand upon his knee.

"I must tell you once more, Mr. Hone," he said, "how much I admire the work your paper is doing. It is an able paper throughout, and its Washington department is *particularly* well managed. I must say—what was it that clock struck? Four o'clock? Yes? Thank you. My sight is not so good as it was. Four o'clock, is it? Well, Mr. Hone, I am in the habit, at this hour, of taking a glass of whiskey. Do you ever drink it, Mr. Hone? Occasionally? Yes! It is my opinion that whiskey, used in extreme moderation, is a very valuable stimulant. Of course its abuse is in the highest degree improper, and I may say dangerous. The abuse of whiskey, Mr. Hone, has ruined many a fine career. But, in moderation, I find it beneficial; and I have some here that is *said* to be very good. I should like, Mr. Hone, I should very much like to have your opinion of it." And without taking his nervous grasp from Hone's knee the Senator reached to a little cupboard—the thought passed through Hone's mind that he had arms like an orang-outang—and extracted a demijohn and two small glasses. "There," he went on, "give

me your opinion of it. Your health, sir! Do you find it to your liking? Will you have another glass, Mr. Hone? I am sure an *occasional* glass of good whiskey will hurt no one. Well, we were discussing the Act of 1868."

The whiskey was probably the best Hone had ever tasted in his life; but it burned all the way down his throat, and it lay inside of him and burned. He knew he was red all over, but he felt as if the pit of his stomach must be the reddest place in his whole system. The clock ticked away ten hideously long minutes; and then he felt the Senatorial grasp tighten on his knee—a signal for the air-brakes.

"I must interrupt these remarks, Mr. Hone," said the Senator, in sweet but impressive tones, "to tell you how much I really think of your work on the *St. Jo Rubicon*. It is very delightful work indeed. As I told you, I am a busy man; but I take so much interest in *your* work that I have had *all* of it cut out and preserved—all that relates to *me*. I have it right here, Mr. Hone."

And with one hand still grasping the young man's knee Senator Greep shot out the other orang-outang arm, turned a key in the drawer of the big table and drew forth eight long newspaper clippings.

"I have them all here, Mr. Hone, and, in case you have forgotten them, Mr. Hone, I will READ them to you."

But Mr. T. Gilmartin Hone gave one wild desperate wrench for liberty, and flung himself out of the room. As he passed through the doorway, he cast one horror-stricken glance over his shoulder, and saw Senator Greep lying back in his chair, his tall frame shaking with one great, huge, resounding laugh of perfect and glorious satisfaction.

This, really, is not my story. It's the Senator's. It is true.

H. C. Bunner.

THEIR MASTER-STROKE.

Simpson and Peffer work with diligence and speed,—

They stay away from Congress, nor pay the slightest heed

To measures there debated; nor have they any need,—

They are doing what they came for,—*a-shipping garden-seed!*

W. H. W.

NO PLACE FOR HIM.

ST. PETER (*kindly*).—Come in if you wish.

REV. MR. TOOGOOD (*after listening a moment*).—I am not going in. They are playing something in there that sounds like opera music. Heaven is too irreligious for me.

BLIND.

We say, when one's blind,
"He's as blind as a bat;"
But one other thing
Is far blinder than that.

It's the fellow in church
Who discovers, too late,
That he has n't a cent,
When they're passing the plate.
Ruth Kimball.

THOSE WHO dance must pay
the chiropodist.

"LAUGH, AND the world laughs
with you," unless you are
laughing at your own witticism.

"BLESSINGS BRIGHTEN as they take their flight;" but they keep in tolerably fair condition while we have them cooped up safely.

WHEN A FAMILY row is made public, there is usually pretty good reason for blaming both sides.

WE SEND no missionaries to the wealthy, although the conversion of money to something else is the easiest thing in the world.

THE ANTAGONISMS between Capital and Labor are chiefly precipitated by laborers who won't work and capitalists who can't hire.

THE YOUTH.—I love you fondly.

THE BOSTON GIRL.—Let me feel your pulse. You do not object to my making a scientific analysis, do you?

TWO LIVES.

A Magazine Quatrain.

There lived two men: The one was weak,

And strong the other. Pale and wan

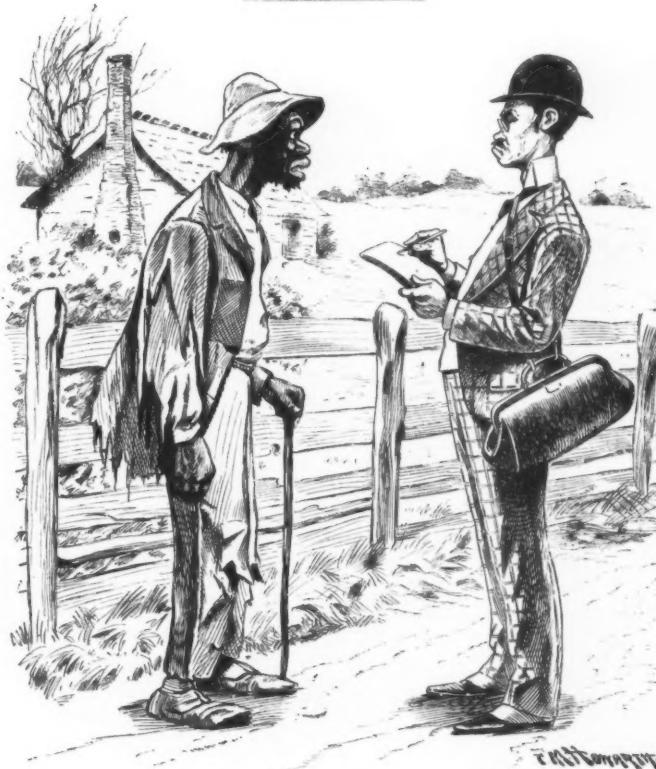
The weakling sickened in the Autumn bleak,

And died—the other still lives on!



"AYE! THERE'S THE RUB."

—Hamlet.

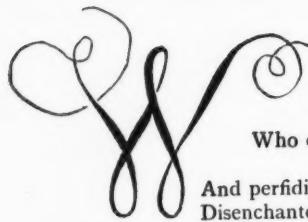


A DOWNTRODDEN RACE.

REPORTER (*from Northern Republican Newspaper*).—Now, you say the Democratic committee stopped you from voting at the last election?

MR. REEPETOR.—Deed, they did, boss. When I's voted de fust time dey did n't say er word, but a'ter dat dey stopped me from votin' at fo'teen diff'rent places, and den put me in jail. I'll swur to dem facts, boss.

A HORRIBLE LEGAL DILEMMA.



HEN BIGLEY'S SHOW was up the State, two rival freaks essayed
To engage the tender passions of the Double-headed Maid,
Who coquettishly beguiled them with the disingenuous wiles
And perfidious preferment of her simultaneous smiles.
Disenchanted, they demanded the deception be undone;

But she could not give them each a heart, as she had only one.
So the wanton jade confessed, in words at least jocosely true,
'T was Ski Hi, the Chinese Giant, whom she really looked up to;
And amid the blare of trumpets and a blaze of dazzling light
The eccentric pair were wedded in the sawdust ring that night.

But madly burning for revenge, before a week had sped,
The jilted freak abridged their bliss, and shot the giant dead.
Arrested, tried, and guilty found, the inexorable code
Decreed his death — oh, shocking doom! — by the electric mode;
And, pinioned in the fatal chair, mysteriously grim,
The fiery bolts were loosened to politely butcher him.
But he positively spurned the blasting currents of the sky,
And a scientific horror glazed each scientific eye;
The deadly shafts about his head like harmless sunbeams flew,
As he asked the board facetiously to state when they were "through."

"Your efforts are in vain," he said, "most eminent compeers,
And would likewise be as futile should you strive a thousand years;
A preternatural secret in my person lies enclosed,
And the court can never execute the sentence it imposed,
As that very partial statute, the electrical decree,
Quite ignores such exigencies as abnormal men like me.
It behooves me not to tell you, versed in scientific art,
There are non-conducting agents of the nimble lightning's dart;
So you might as well remove these bonds,
the court remove this ban,
For you can't kill me by lightning — I'm
the India Rubber Man!"

John Ludlow.

THEY DON'T TAKE OUT PAPERS.

POLITICIAN.—I wonder if I can buy that man's vote?

FRIEND.—I don't think you can. He's an Englishman.

A UNIQUE BOY.

"What a very original child little Aleck Forbes is."

"Yes. I wish his father would have him copyrighted. One like that is enough."

FROM THE SAME SHOP.

Happiness is but a cake
Which the Wise and Merry take;
Sorrow is a lump of dough —
Fools and cynics seek it, though.

DIPLOMACY.



Some boys, with much noise, built an elegant fire,
Nor heeded the protests of Mrs. Maguire.



But see! Mr. Fee, with acute observation,
In passing, takes in the entire situation.



It's cost, at the most, but the nickel he dropped
In the flames, and the game's with rapidity stopped.



PREFERRED DEATH TO DISCOMFORT.

DOCTOR DI PLOMA.—Great goodness, De Long!
Are you still in the city? Did n't I tell you a month ago
you would have to go South, or die? You look worse
than ever.

DE LONG.—Yes, I know; I paid you for that advice,
and tried it. Now, what would you charge to let me die
— in New York?

HER SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

"What penance are you doing in this Lenten season, Mrs. Mc-Simper?" asked the Rev. Dr. Thirdly.

"Oh, I come to hear you preach every Sunday!" was the cheerful reply.

LOTS LEFT OVER, TOO.

S. S. TEACHER.—Man was made from dust.
DICKY BOY.—Well, I suppose that's why
there are so many people in New York.

SHE WOULD ENDURE HIM.

YOUNG MR. BUNN.—May I call upon you,
Miss Munn?

MISS MUNN.—Oh, yes, Mr. Bunn. I suppose we really ought to mortify ourselves somewhat during Lent.

BY A MERCENARY BARD.

I'm full of high ambition,
And seek — I may be rash —
Not the plaudits of posterity,
But contemporary cash.

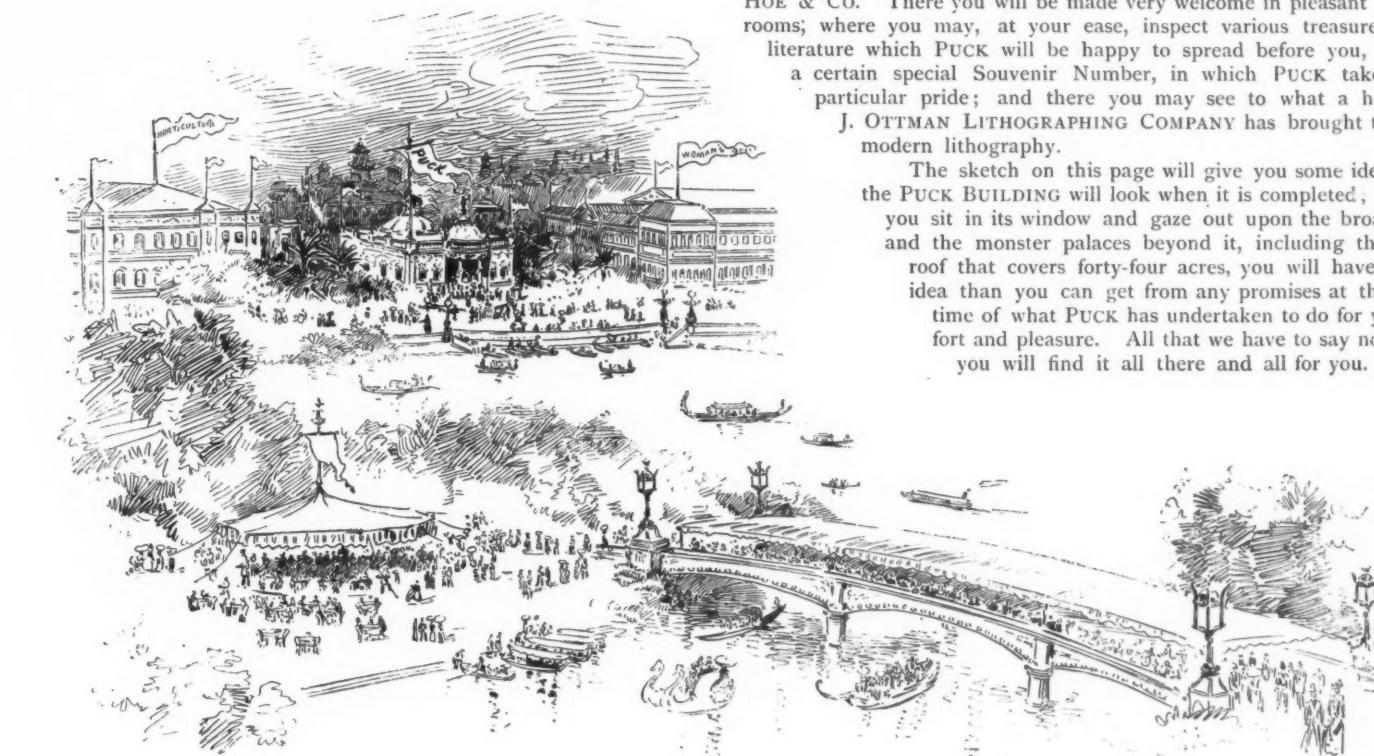


The boys, with much noise, speed away for a spree;
"Much obliged," says the lady. "Not at all, Ma'am," says he.

PUCK AT CHICAGO.

If you will look at the official bird's-eye view of the Chicago Fair, as it has been drawn by Mr. Charles Graham, and published by the Winters Art Litho Company, of Chicago, you will see what looks like a small, white building lying between the Woman's Pavilion and Horticultural Hall; but when you go to Chicago in 1893, you will find that this faint, white vision has materialized into a structure small only by comparison with the giants around it. You will find that PUCK has established there a temporary home for himself, known as "THE PUCK BUILDING," some 116 by 64 feet, built after the designs of MR. STANFORD WHITE, the creator of the tall tower of the Madison Square Garden, on the summit of which New York's own Diana whirls her airy profile in every wind that blows; the same Stanford White whose genius is now building for itself an even more enduring monument, in the grand Washington Memorial Arch that overlooks Washington Square.

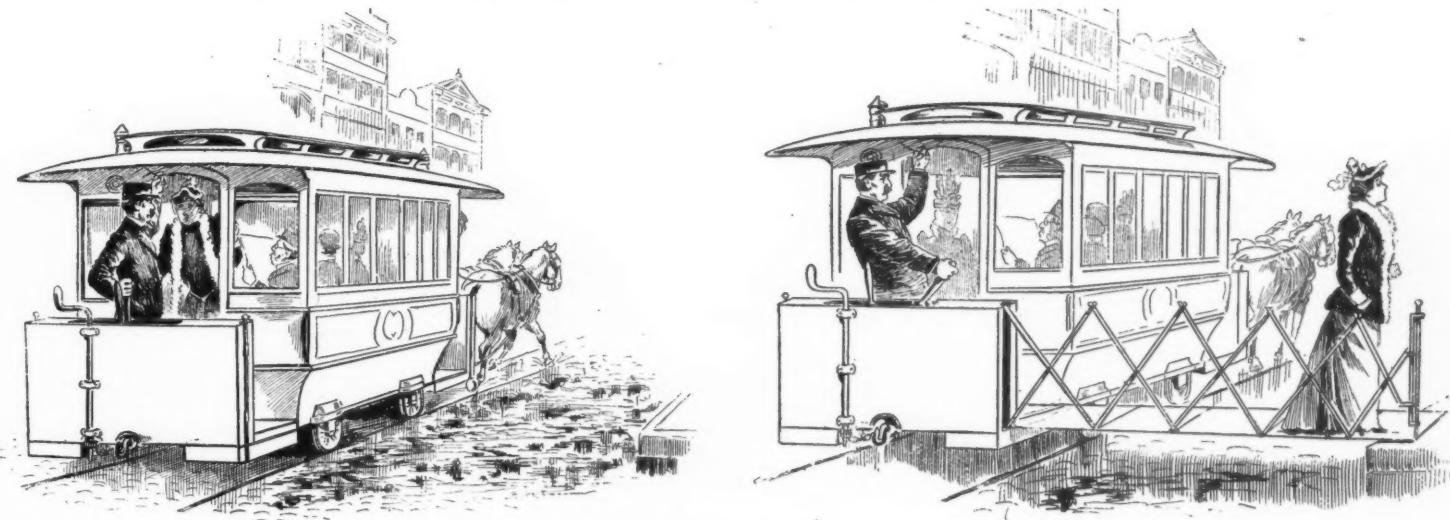
You are cordially invited to enter the PUCK BUILDING, and there to make yourself very much at home. There you can see the processes of PUCK'S production, and you may "see the wheels go round"



in six of the great lithographic and stop-cylinder presses of ROBERT HOE & CO. There you will be made very welcome in pleasant reception rooms; where you may, at your ease, inspect various treasures of art-literature which PUCK will be happy to spread before you, including a certain special Souvenir Number, in which PUCK takes a very particular pride; and there you may see to what a height the J. OTTMAN LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY has brought the art of modern lithography.

The sketch on this page will give you some idea of how the PUCK BUILDING will look when it is completed, but when you sit in its window and gaze out upon the broad lagoon and the monster palaces beyond it, including the modest roof that covers forty-four acres, you will have a better idea than you can get from any promises at the present time of what PUCK has undertaken to do for your comfort and pleasure. All that we have to say now is that you will find it all there and all for you.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR STREET-CAR COMPANIES.



"Step lively, please!"

THE FRANKENSTEIN OF THE SNAP CONVENTION.

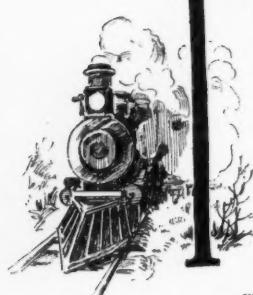
Carried away by an insolent ambition for a power to which he had no right to aspire, Frankenstein created a monster, which, designed to do his bidding and to serve him as a slave, became in the end his master and the implement employed by Fate to bring him to destruction.

C.J. Taylor.





NEVER TOO POOR TO TRAVEL.



IT MUST HAVE been noticed time and again by the man who travels, that the trains upon which he has done his journeying have always been largely occupied by people whose appearance strongly indicated the fact that they were anything but well supplied with the goods of this world. Men with faded thread-bare ulsters and slouch hats pulled over scraggly locks, curled up on the ends after the fashion of a shaving, would not strike the refined traveler as being tourists. They would seem rather to be abroad upon missions of serious import; since, instead of looking from the window to enjoy the scenery, they pass the time in sleeping with their heads rudely hooked on the back of the seat.

The question which naturally rises in the mind of the thinking man is: where do these impecunious people find the money to spend on railroad tickets? The same people are not discovered in the act of indulging in any other luxury the enjoyment of which involves the outlay of a dollar. They never could afford to purchase a ticket for a theatre; but when it comes to buying the requisite pasteboard for a trip to Milwaukee or Kansas City, the most trying part of the effort seems to be the physical labor of drawing the old russet pocket-book from the trousers and unwinding its strap, which is generally of about the length of a pair of reins. If the men who travel about the country really possessed the money to warrant such a thing, it is quite likely that they would be more observant of the whims of fashion, and not persist in wearing the apparel that was in style just after the war. Can it be possible that these travelers are simply the victims and slaves of a habit?

We all know that there are people, some of them very eminent in the world of letters, who can never remain contented in one place. Of course, this love of change is an acquired enjoyment, though some people believe it is hereditary, and that it really amounts to a passion that can not be curbed. Assuming the latter to be the true theory, it is quite consistent to argue that these shabby and apparently poverty-stricken people spend all their money on railroad tickets, just as other men spend theirs upon rum or opium or whatever their ruling weakness may be. In all probability they work for money to spend in this way. We know that many people of a roaming spirit, particularly barbers and type-setters, are constantly on the move, only remaining in one town for a sufficient length of time to earn the requisite amount of money to purchase a railroad ticket to another.

This fact leads us to believe that people in all walks of life are possessed of the same roaming spirit, and that many men are enabled to travel about because of this ruling passion, which is stronger than that of a love of taking care of one's family and of looking to it that the butcher and grocer are made serene and happy at the termination of the current moon.

The railroads seem to know that poor men are most sadly afflicted with this mania for traveling; and it is probably on the strength of this knowledge that they advertise cheap excursions so extensively, not knowing, as they should know, that they would secure these travelers without means easily at the top price.

It seems an unpleasant commentary on any man, to put it mildly, to say that he would so far forget himself as to neglect his family and creditors to gratify a whim, or a desire, if you will, to visit Kalamazoo. It might be regarded as proper and even ennobling on the part of the same man if he were to neglect his family and creditors, to get out of Kalamazoo and back to New York; for the latter would be but the gratification of a desire, not for travel, but for that refinement and civilization which are common among people who never travel at all.

It can not be said that these poor people ever enjoy the gentle benison of a pass. They always pay their way, and do not murmur at the rate. They seem to require the novelty of the trip; and in paying the price asked, they are simply on a parallel with the man who pays a thousand dollars for a Japanese vase, because he can not be happy without it.

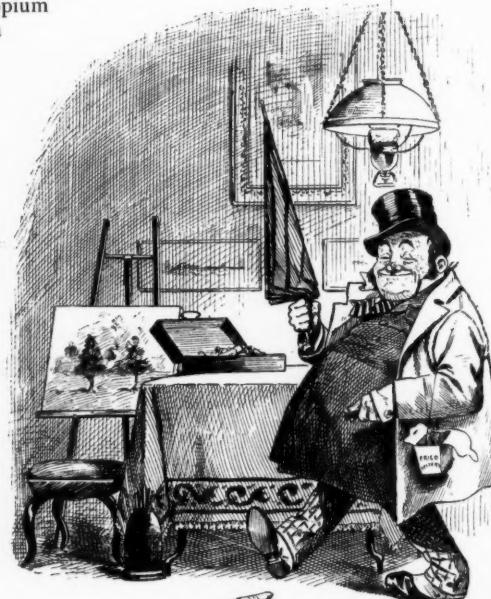
Yet, when the subject is thoroughly ventilated, no theory seems entirely satisfactory. No argument terminates in a convincing solution of the mystery. It seems impossible to find a key to the puzzle: "When and how do these people find money to invest in railroad tickets?" They can



HE COULD DISCOUNT IT.

BOOK AGENT.—I've a work here I should like to show you, sir — "Six Years in the Desert Wastes of Africa."

MR. HOWSON LOTT.—It would n't interest me—I've lived six years in Lonelyville.



AN ARTISTIC REFORMATION.

MR. FULLER.—Guesh Mary mush have been paintin' 'fore she went t' bed —



— (as he steps on the tube of green paint).—Thash settles it for'er!

travel from Campobello to San Diego, from Galveston to Alaska, when rich men can not afford to go to Saratoga in the Summer, or to St. Augustine in the Winter. The time of the rich men who do not need money is so valuable that they can not get away. The time of the poor man, which should be valuable because he should be earning money, has no value at all; and having no money, he yet seems to be able to hand out money for a railroad ticket from here to anywhere and back.

It is a riddle which, though apparently insignificant, is still monumental, inasmuch as its solution baffles the skill of the deepest minds. At some remote period it may be satisfactorily explained and settled. But at present it is shrouded in a mystery that is as deep as the cunning of the plumber. It is so deep and unfathomable that it must take the place of honor over its sister mystery, of how a man can keep a larger number of servants and horses, and live better and cut a greater dash than ever before, when only a month ago he retired from business for the benefit of his creditors.

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The Arion, Solid Mahogany, \$11.00

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PUPILS (in one voice).—Sand. — Pharmaceutical Era.

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ACCORDING
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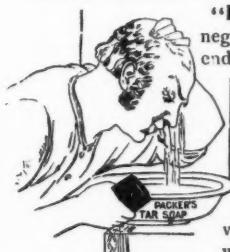
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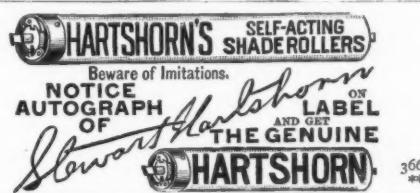
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are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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HE (*in surprise*).—I beg your pardon.

SHE (*exegetically*).—Why did n't you say one among Four Hundred?—*Detroit Free Press*.

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LITTLE MAN.—Yes'm. Mama makes me go to bed every night at eight o'clock.

VISITOR.—So you will keep healthy?

LITTLE MAN.—No'm. So she can mend my pants.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

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"Ah, Mrs. Covenhaven, I was nearly killed just now."

"How did it happen, Mrs. Golden?"

"Missis Fleury, who lived in number twenty-six has been run over by an electric car. I live in number twenty-six, suppose it had been me!"

—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

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"Oh, ut's a t'ing wid a skin loike a pig and a neck loike a goose, wid his head on the other ind." — *Yale Record*.

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In colds,
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EDUCATIONAL NOTE.
PROFESSOR (*looking at his watch*).—As we have got a few minutes I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask.
STUDENT.—What time is it, please?—*Texas Siftings.*

FIVE GREAT LIMITED TRAINS.

Via New York Central every day in the year, presenting the fastest, most complete and luxurious service ever offered to the West and South-west.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda combined with cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion improve the appetite, promote digestion, and increase the weight.

They are thought by some to be food; but this is not proved. They are tonics; this is admitted by all.

Cod-liver oil is mainly a food, but also a tonic.

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PEOPLE do not care much about being saved until they find out for sure that they are lost.—*Ram's Horn.*

**45 sold in '88
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A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes.

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